

# ORATION

DELIVERED AT

## PLYMOUTH,

DECEMBER 21, 1895,

AT

THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND  
SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

## LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS,

BY

## GEORGE F. HOAR.

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PRESS OF RUFUS H. DAREY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
1895.





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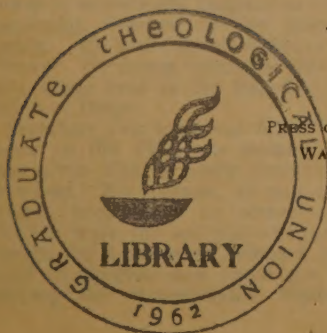
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## ORATION.

Surely that people is happy to whom the noblest story in history has come down through father and mother by the unbroken traditions of their own firesides. If there be one thing more than another for which we have to thank God on this anniversary, it is that the tale we have to tell is a familiar household story. The thoughts which are appropriate to the day are commonplaces. Every generation since the Pilgrim landed here has held his memory dear. The light of later days, that has dispelled the intellectual darkness of his time, gives new luster and added nobility to his simple and reverend figure.

So far as honor can be paid by the utterance of the lips, or by the tender affection of the heart, his descendants have never failed in what is due to the Pilgrim. The faults of other founders of States have not been forgotten. They have been kept alive in human memory, not only by the jealous criticism of men of other blood, but by the severe judgment of history. The founder of Rome, the Norman Conqueror of England, the Spaniard in the South, the Cavalier of Jamestown, the settler of the far West—even the Puritan of Massachusetts—is known in history quite as much by his faults, or by his crimes, as by his virtues. Puritan and Cavalier, Royalist and Roundhead may be terms of honor or terms of reproach. But the word Pilgrim is everywhere a word of tenderest association. There is no blot on the memory of the Pilgrim of Plymouth. No word of reproach is uttered when he is mentioned. The fame of the passenger of the Mayflower is as pure and fragrant as its little namesake, sweetest of the flowers of spring. He is the stateliest figure in all history. He passes before us like some holy shade seen in the Paradiso in the vision of Dante.

Certainly you have not failed in due honor to the Pilgrim's memory. You have given him, in every generation, of your best. No incense, no pageant, no annual procession, no statue—though Phidias were the sculptor—no temple—though the dome were rounded by the hand of Angelo—can equal as a votive offering the imperishable oration of

Webster. It is the one best offering which could be laid on the Pilgrim's shrine. That majestic eloquence, if not equaled, has been worthily followed by the consummate grace of Everett, the more than oriental imagination of Choate, the stately dignity of Winthrop. Here, too, has stood Sumner—Sumner of the white soul—to lay his wreath on the Pilgrims' altar in right of a martyr spirit, lofty and undaunted as their own. You may well believe that if a competition with these masters were expected to day, I might—as might any living man—shrink from the comparison. But it is not from human, it is not from living lips that you are expecting the lesson of this occasion. You are here to listen to the voices of the dead; to meditate anew the eternal truths on which your fathers founded the State. This imperial people, if it is to bear rule over a continent, must listen to the voice of which David spake with dying lips—

“The Rock spake to me.”

You are here to hearken to the voice of the rock.

The most precious earthly reward of a well-spent life is the gratitude and love of children. Surely the Pilgrim has had that. But he looked to no earthly reward, however precious.

“They knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, and so quieted their spirits.”

How few of them there were. There were but forty-eight men who landed upon the rock. But forty-one names are signed to the compact. Of the twenty men who survived the first winter, there are, according to Dr. Palfrey's estimate, not more than eleven—one less than the number of the Apostles—who are favorably known. The rest are either known unfavorably or only by name. Surely the parable of the mustard seed, than which, as Edward Everett said, “the burning pen of inspiration, ranging Heaven and Earth for a similitude, can find nothing more appropriate or expressive to which to liken the Kingdom of God,” is repeated again. “Whereunto shall we liken it, or with what comparison shall we compare it?”



"It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth.

"But when it is sown it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."

Though the heavens be rolled up as a scroll, this story is worthy to be written upon the scroll. Though the elements shall melt with fervent heat, this pure and holy flame shall shine brightly over the new heavens and the new earth. It is no story of what other countries have deemed great. There is no royal escutcheon, no noble coat armor, no knightly shield. But they bore the whole armor of God, their loins girt about with truth, having the breastplate of righteousness; their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; taking the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.

Let no man fancy that because they were few in number, these men were insignificant. You know the history of heroism better than that. It is Leonidas with his three hundred, and not Xerxes with his ships by thousands, and men in nations, that has given the inspiration to mankind for two thousand years. There fell of the English side, at Agincourt, but twenty-nine persons—

Edward, the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire; None else of name; and of all other men, But five and twenty.

But somehow Davy Gam, esquire, has hovered over the English lines on a hundred fields of victory, from Cressy to Quebec, from Quebec to Waterloo. "C'est toujours le meme chose," said Napoleon when he yielded himself prisoner. That spirit came ashore at Plymouth. It crossed the ocean to abide. It takes no account of numbers and needs no numbers for its victories.

O God, Thy arm was here,  
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all. Take it, God,  
For it is only Thine.

Miles Standish, whom an accomplished descendant well calls the Greatheart of the Pilgrims, with his little army of fourteen men, inspired with this spirit, was a power mightier than all the hosts of Xerxes. They fought for a stake more precious than that of Marathon or Waterloo, as Christian freedom is of higher value than Grecian civilization, or than the empire of Europe. The court was of a dignity that no Areopagus could equal. The little Senate consisted of but nine men. But it was making laws under the first

written Republican constitution, which held in itself the fate of all others.

I wish to speak of the men who landed on Plymouth Rock on the day whose anniversary we celebrate;—of what they were, what they brought with them, of the republic they founded, what they left to their posterity that now remains, and what is hereafter to abide. Other contributions, whether for good or evil, to that composite life and character which we call America, will not lack due consideration elsewhere. Some of them were made in the very beginning, at Jamestown, at Salem, at New York, at Baltimore, under the spreading elm at Philadelphia. Others are of later time. Some of them have come in our own time, from Ireland, from England, from Germany, from Canada, and from that Northern hive whose swarm first brought the honey of freedom to the island of our ancestors. They have not lacked, and will never lack, due honor. But it is to this one alone that this day belongs. The topic may perhaps seem narrow and local. It may be said of the Pilgrim quality what your admirable chronicler, Mr. Russell, says of the Mayflower: "A pleasing fiction obtains with some good people hereabouts, viz., That this little flower is peculiar to this section of the country." But to me, looking forward as best I can into the future and seeing how they have already leavened this nation of ours, the subject seems sometimes as large and broad as if I were to undertake to speak of the consequences of the creation of Adam and Eve.

The commonwealths which were united in 1692 and became the province of Massachusetts Bay are still blended in the popular conception. Their founders are supposed to have the same general characteristics, and are known to the rest of the world by the common title of New England Puritans. I suppose this belief prevails even in New England, except as to a small circle of scholars and the descendants of the Pilgrims who still dwell in the Old Colony, and who have studied personally the history of their ancestors. Many of our historians have treated the two with little distinction, except that the suffering of the Pilgrim, the dangerous and romantic voyage of the Mayflower, the story of the landing in December and the hardship of the first winter have made, of course, a series of pictures of their own. Even Mr. Webster, after narrating as could have been done by no other chronicler who ever lived, these picturesque incidents, proceeds in his oration of 1820 to discuss the principles which lay at the foundation of the Puri-

tan State, and which were, in the main, common to both communities.

Yet the dwellers of Plymouth know well the difference between the Pilgrim that landed here and the Puritan that settled in Salem and Boston. The difference was as great as would have been if the members of the established church had been driven into exile, and one colony founded by Jeremy Taylor, or George Herbert, and one founded by Bancroft or Laud. If the anti-slavery men of our later day had shaken the dust off their feet against the Constitution and the Union, and gone to some unoccupied island in some remote and barbarous archipelago, the difference would scarcely have been greater between a colony founded by Waldo Emerson, or Samuel May, and one founded by Garrison or Parker Pillsbury, or Stephen Foster, than that between the men of Plymouth and the men of Salem. Both were Englishmen. Both were, as they understood it, Calvinists. Both desired freedom. They had the tie of a common feeling, of a common persecution, of a common faith, and of a common hope. I wish I could add, descendant as I am of the Massachusetts Puritans in every line of descent that I can trace since the time when the name was first heard, the tie of a common and equal charity.

The compact on board the Mayflower was the beginning of a State. Another State was begun at Salem by the company who came over with Endicott. There were marked resemblances in the quality of these two communities, as would be expected from the similarity of their origin. There were likewise marked differences, as would be expected from the individual character of the men who most largely influenced them. There were doubtless men in the Puritan state penetrated by the Pilgrim's spirit. John Winthrop himself, the foremost single figure in the Massachusetts colony, would have been in all respects a loving companion to Bradford, and a loving disciple to Robinson. But it must, I think, be admitted that while Bradford was an example and representative of the prevalent spirit of Plymouth—a spirit that finds its expression in the teaching of Robinson—Winthrop was a restraint and a repression of the intolerance of the Massachusetts colony.

Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, author of the *Body of Liberties*, which, though it was never printed till within the memory of some of us, served, practically, as Constitution and Bill of Rights to Massachusetts until 1684, if not until 1780, says in the *Simple Cobbler of Aga-*

wam: "It is said men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them from it. I can rather stand amazed than reply to this. It is an astonishment to think that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance. No practical sin is so sinful as some error of judgment; no man so accursed with indelible infamy and dedolent impiteny as authors of heresies."

Now compare this with the farewell counsel of John Robinson, reported by Winslow: "We are, ere long, to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether ever he should live to see our face again. But whether the Lord had appointed it or not, he charged us before God and His blessed angels, to follow him no further than he followed Christ; and if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as we were to receive any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of His Holy Word."

This is the Pilgrim's declaration and, if we do not read the world's history amiss, the world's declaration of religious independence. Let it stand forever by the side of the immortal opening sentences of the Declaration at Philadelphia. They are twin stars, ever shining in the great constellation of the Northern sky, pointing to that eternal Polar star of truth which hath no fellow in the firmament.

There were beautiful and pure souls in the Puritan State, for whose translation into the blessed society of the immortals there seemed nothing of a gross mortality to be pruned away. Winthrop is still our foremost example of a Christian ruler, till the coming of Washington. The second John Winthrop was a worthy son of such a father. The claim of his accomplished descendant that no purer or nobler or lovelier character can be found in the history of Connecticut, whether among Governors or among governed, than that of the younger Winthrop, may safely be enlarged to include any State that ever existed. The Winthrops were Christian gentlemen, fit for the companionship of Bradford and Brewster, and there can be no higher praise. There were, as you know, evil men in the company of Pilgrims. But still, the character of the Pilgrim finds its perfect portraiture in Bradford's exquisite phrase—"God's free people"; while the word Puritan calls up to the imagination a sterner, harsher, earthlier image. Blackstone said, "I came from England to escape the Lord Bishops;



and I cannot join with you because I would not be under the Lord Brethren." The Puritan brought with him to Salem much of the spirit which had driven him from England. His experience had been an experience of persecutions. What Milton calls the "fury of the Bishops" was still raging. Severity applied to men of English blood begets severity and defiance.

"What wonder if in noble heat,  
Those men thine arms withstood,  
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,  
And in thy spirit with thee fought,  
Who were of English blood."

There was a yearning for Christian unity both by Puritan and Pilgrim. The leaders of both Colonies were English gentlemen. They were attached by many tender ties to the Church of England. The farewell letter to the Massachusetts Company, which Mr. Winthrop thinks was written by his ancestor, is a cry of the heart. The love for that dear Mother, the Church of England, "from whence we rise, ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation, we have received in her bosom and sucked it from her breasts," was stirring in the bosom of John Robinson also. Doubtless if the persecution had ceased, the division would have ceased. Edward Winslow says: "The foundation of our New England plantations was not Schisme, division or separation, but upon love, peace and holinesse; yea, such love and mutual care of the church of Leyden, for the spreading of the Gospel, the welfare of each other, and their prosperities to succeeding generations, as is seldom found on earth."

The Puritan had a capacity for an honest, hearty hatred, of which I find no trace in Pilgrim literature. Indeed a personal devil must have been a great comfort to our Massachusetts ancestors, as furnishing an object which they could hate with all their might, without violation of Christian principles.

The experience of the Pilgrim at Leyden had been an experience of peace. There was much in Holland to shock the strictness of our Fathers. They viewed, undoubtedly with great disfavor, the thought that they or their children should be blended with either the political or the religious life of Holland. But they were received at Leyden with an abundant welcome and hospitality. Among the most valuable lessons which trained them for the founding of their State, are the lessons learned under Holland. The softening and liberalizing influence of those eleven years on Robinson himself is clearly to be discerned.

Massachusetts united Church and State in the beginning, admitting none but freemen to be Church members. Church and State were always separate in Plymouth. There was never any "soul liberty" advocated or vindicated by Roger Williams that did not exist at Plymouth. Certainly, he did not leave Plymouth on compulsion. "That great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow," he says, "melted and kindly visited me, and put a purse of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply."

There is no danger that we shall ever forget what the children of the Puritans have to say in reply. They had to preserve their State from danger within and without, from foe spiritual and from foe temporal. The little company, with the Atlantic on one hand, their only wall of defence against the hatred of King and Prelate, and the forest, home of the savage and the wild beast on the other; it was like a forlorn hope, it was like a forlorn hope of an army on a night march, to which even an uncautious whisper might be ruin. We do not forget, too, that the Puritan's intolerance and superstition were, with the single exception of his brother at Plymouth, the intolerance and superstition of all mankind; and that, with the single exception of his brother at Plymouth, he was the first of all mankind to cast them off. Puritanism is a character, a force, and not a creed. Let others, if they like, trace their lineage to Norman Pirate or to Robber Baron. The children of the Puritan are not ashamed of him. The Puritan as a distinct, vital and predominant power, lived less than a century in England. He appeared early in the reign of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558, and departed at the restoration of Charles II, in 1660. But in that brief time he was the preserver, aye, he was the creator of English freedom. By the confession of the historians who most dislike him, it is due to him that there is an English Constitution. He created the modern House of Commons. That House, when he took his seat in it, was the feeble and timid instrument of despotism. When he left it, it was what it has ever since been, the strongest, freest, most venerable legislative body the world had ever seen. When he took his seat in it, it was little more than the register of the King's command. When he left it, it was the main depository of the national dignity and the national will. King and Minister and Prelate, who stood in his way, he brought to the bar and to the block. In that brief but crowded century he made the name of Englishman the



highest title of honor upon the earth. A great historian has said, "The dread of his invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the Island." He placed the name of John Milton high on the illustrious roll of the great poets of the world, and the name of Oliver Cromwell highest on the roll of English sovereigns. The historian might have added that the dread of this invincible leader was on all the inhabitants of Europe. Puritanism crossed thesea with Winthrop. It planted Massachusetts and Connecticut. It fought the war of the rebellion. The spirit of English Puritanism was transformed into the spirit of American liberty. The saviour of the English Constitution was the creator of the Constitutions of America, and, in a later day, was their saviour also. It put down the rebellion. It abolished slavery. It kept the National faith. In spite of the other elements—Scandinavian, German, Italian, Celt, that are blending with our national life, under our free hospitality, it was never, in my judgment, more powerful than at this hour.

The children of the Puritan are willing to accept any challenge to a discussion of his character and his title to the respect of mankind, from any antagonist, east or west, north or south, at home or abroad, from prelate or from conventicle, from churchman or from infidel, from foreigner or from degenerate offspring. There are some modern revilers of the Massachusetts Puritans, who have sprung from Puritan loins. I should like to ask them what they make of the single fact of the founding of Harvard College. But one of the highest titles of Plymouth to honor is the fact, that, as the two communities became blended, the spirit of the Puritan was subdued and softened by the spirit of the Pilgrim.

I am not unmindful that there is one high authority for an opinion which, if accepted, would deprive John Robinson of his highest glory and would even rob the event we celebrate of much of its splendor. Dr. Dexter, the historian, the champion, the lover of New England Congregationalism, thinks that John Robinson was speaking of Church government only, and did not mean to say that there was to be expected from the word of God any further light on the essentials of Christian doctrine or of saving faith.

Every student of the great things of American history, every son, every lover of the Pilgrim, must cherish the memory of Henry M. Dexter. The occasion should not pass without a word of honor for his name. What we know of the life of the Fathers at Leyden, and what we

know of their origin in England, is due to him, I am not sure but more than to all other investigators put together. It is not surprising that this born champion, and combatant should have refused to concede, even to the authority of John Robinson, that the faith to which he was born and bred did not contain, as expressed in its venerable formulæ, the whole counsel of God. The learned doctor says: "I conceive it to be quite impossible for any candid person to read carefully Robinson's defence of the doctrine propounded by the Synod at Dort, without reaching the conclusion that the Leyden Pastor was in entire agreement with the Synod, not merely in the articles of faith which it has formulated, but in that animus of infallibility and in exposure to essential future modification, in which it held them." I have read the volume carefully and with so much of candor as God has vouchsafed to me. While, undoubtedly, it affirms and most vigorously defends that Calvinistic faith which the writer, and the men of his congregation, held, and which the Fathers brought with them to Plymouth, the faith which has wrought for so many ages such wonders for humanity, a faith which has been held dear by so many martyrs of liberty, and so many of the great builders, in the old times, and in the new, who have builded States in Christian liberty and law, the faith of the founders of Republics in Switzerland, in Holland, in England, in New England, yet I can find in that great argument no animus of infallibility, and no claim that the light which is to break forth from the word hereafter may not illuminate them also, and that it will not penetrate the great temple of Christian doctrine instead of being stayed in the porches and approaches. The preface to the defence of the Synod at Dort itself to my apprehension, states as clearly, if not as eloquently or tersely, the doctrine of the farewell address. Speaking of the substance of faith and the very essence of salvation, he rebukes his antagonists for thinking that they have seen the whole of God's truth. "It is true we ought not," he says, "to look on our things alone, as if we alone had knowledge, and conscience, and zeal, and souls to save: 'but every man also on the things of others,' though in some things differing from them, as having these things, as well as we: and therewith considering, that many eyes see more than one, and that specially having, as so many spectacles, the advantages of knowledge of tongues, and arts, with daily travail in the scripture, which in us are wanting. And thus serving

God, in all modesty of mind, and being sincere in the truth in love, we shall be much fitter, both to help others, and to be helped by them in the things agreeable thereunto."

In these words John Robinson sounds the keynote of his distinctively theological treatise, which he put to press in 1624, four years after the departure of the Pilgrims and only a year before his death. He was speaking not of Church government or ritual or form, or ceremonial, but of predestination, of election, of the law of conscience, of the fall of Adam and God's foreknowledge and truthfulness, of original sin, of baptism, of the covenant with Abraham and of a new and better covenant, of the five points of Calvinism, of the Declaration of the Synod, a declaration made by men who differed essentially, in ritual and church government, from him and from each other. And it is of these that he declares that we are not to look, not to think on our things alone, as if we alone had knowledge, but every man also of the things of others, as having eyes to see as well as we, and advantages of knowledge of tongues and arts, with daily travail in the scripture, "which in us are wanting," and calls upon his people "to serve God in all modesty of mind, and so to be fitter both to help others and to be helped by them."

Dr. Dexter well says, "We have too much judged the Puritans, and too much allowed the world to judge them, in the light of our generation instead of the light of their own; forgetting and helping others to forget out of what a horror of thick darkness they were scarcely more than commencing to emerge." It is the glory of John Robinson that he was conscious of the darkness of his time, for, "saith he," as Winslow reports, "it is not possible the Christian world can come so lately out of such thick anti-Christian darkness, and that full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

The sublime utterance of John Robinson would become not only tame but petty and ludicrous and ridiculous, if we were to add to it any phraseology which would limit its meaning, in accordance with Dr. Dexter's suggestion.

John Robinson would have dreaded nothing more than to have led any weak brother astray. If he could but have seen in that prophetic vision into which his soul was lifted and wrapt in the mingled agony and joy of the day of parting at Delft Haven, how countless generations dwelling in and ruling a continent larger than Europe would hearken to the lofty music of that utterance, how

they would rejoice in it as itself the auroral light of the new day that was to break forth from the word of God, he would, if Dr. Dexter be right, have hastened to add:

"Mistake me not, my brethren dearly beloved. This relateth only to the fashion of vestments; to the posture of the body in prayer; to the authority of elders, and the virtue conveyed by the imposition of hands. The horror of thick darkness, through which the world hath passed, and is yet passing, still giveth light enough for everything beside. In all essential things, the whole counsel of God, though unknown to Abraham and the Fathers, to Moses and the Prophets, to all mankind before the Saviour's coming, and to the vast majority of mankind ever since, is fully known to me and to the Synod at Dort. No modesty of mind leadeth me to think I can be helped by others, or that the advantages of knowledge of tongues and arts, with daily travail in the scripture, which in us are wanting, availeth aught in these things."

It is no rash conjecture that the first spirit whose pure companionship our excellent Dexter would have sought in the realm where he has gone, was the spirit of John Robinson. He would have already learned his mistake before their meeting. As Beatrice said to Dante of Saint Gregory—

"Wherefore, as soon as he unclosed his eyes,  
Within this heaven, he at himself did smile."

Dr. Thomas Fuller, whose wit has prevented his getting the credit due to his profound wisdom, was born in 1608, within a mile of Robert Browne and not far from the cradle of the Pilgrims at Scrooby and Austerfield. He was a clear-eyed and not unsympathetic observer. He says of the Pilgrims in his *Church History*:

"They laid down two grand ground-works on which their following fabric is to be erected:

"First. Only to take what was held forth in God's word, leaving nothing to Church practice or human prudence, as but the iron legs and clay toes of that statue whose whole hand and body ought to be pure gold;

"Second. Because one day teacheth another, they will not be tied on Tuesday morning to maintain their tenets of Monday night, if a new discovery intervene."

Holland, as the researches of recent writers have shown, exercised a large influence on civil and religious liberty in England. The traces of this influence appear in the Puritan commonwealth. All the Protestant Reformers in Europe



who rejected Episcopal authority constituted one brotherhood, and had a large influence on each other. All of them regarded Holland as their champion and defender. But the Pilgrims of Plymouth bore to Holland a relation borne by no other. She had been for 18 years their sanctuary, their home, their school, their university.

Governor Bradford says, "They resolved to goe into the low countries where there was freedom of religion for all men." The Pilgrim brought from Holland an experience of freedom, civil and religious, then unknown elsewhere on the face of the earth. Schiller said, "Every injury inflicted by a tyrant gave a right of citizenship in Holland."

The church of the Pilgrim had its direct connection with Christ. There was no human link between. If He were not its rock, it had no foundation. If He were not its Father, it had no paternity. If He were not its support, it had no strength. If He were not its root, it was not planted in the soil. The church planted at Scrooby and Austerfield, rooted at Leyden, transplanted to Plymouth, was a band of Christians independent of any earthly power, as direct an emanation from the spirit of Christ as the church first formed at Antioch. There were but two places on earth at that day where such a church could abide. One was Holland and the other the unbroken wilderness of America. Robinson's definition of a church is this: "A company consisting though of but two or three, separated from the world whether unchristian or anti-christian, gathered unto the name of Christ by a covenant made to work in all ways of God known to them, is a church, and so hath the whole power of Christ."

I do not know that there is any discussion of the principles of civil liberty in Pilgrim literature. They make no complaint of merely political oppression. Their enemy was the hierarchy. Their tyrant was the law which enforced conformity. But they were ready for self-government. During the first twelve years they exercised all those functions of government which are now performed in towns, counties and commonwealths.

The Pilgrim had seen in Holland the best example ever seen in his time or before of municipal Republican government. The compact signed on board the Mayflower was the necessary and natural result of what he had learned in the Low Countries.

So far as I know there is no allusion to political freedom from the lips or the pen of any of the founders of Plymouth. The compact begins with a declaration that

they "are the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign, Lord King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and France and Ireland—King, defender of the faith," etc., and that they have undertaken their voyage for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of their King and country. And yet the present necessity led them to make what has been called the original social compact, in the form of as pure a Republic as was ever known on earth before or since. Indeed the doctrine on which the Revolution was fought afterward, of absolute independence of the British Parliament, is clearly implied from their original constitution. In De Rassiere's exceedingly spirited letter describing Plymouth, in the 7th year after the landing, is the whole statement of the contention of our Revolutionary fathers in one pregnant sentence, "Whereby they have their freedom without rendering an account to anyone, only if the King should choose to send a Governor-General they would be obliged to acknowledge him as Sovereign Chief." On the other hand, the Puritans of Massachusetts were impelled to their emigration largely by the thirst for political freedom. They dreaded schism. Yet they were speedily compelled to sever the tie with the established Church, that Mother to whom Winthrop and Higginson had uttered their despairing and loving cry. When religious liberty set her foot on the rock at Plymouth, her inseparable sister, political freedom, came with her. And when political liberty landed at Salem, there could be no long separation. The other sister instantly followed.

The Puritan, it is true, was a religious enthusiast. But it is also true that his history belongs to the political and not to the religious history of the race. His work was the defence of civil liberty, the framing of constitutions and statutes, resistance to tyrants, diplomacy, conquest, the stern conflict and the stern triumph of battle. The founders of Massachusetts, and the men with whom they took counsel and agreed, were busy, sagacious, influential, and active politicians, intent on political reforms in England and on carrying out their principles in both countries.

The influence of the Pilgrim is a spiritual influence. His soul thirsted for God, for the living God. Civil liberty came to him as an incident.

Mr. Webster says that although many of them were Republicans in principle, we have no evidence that our New England ancestors would have emigrated merely from their dislike of the political

system of Europe. "They fled not so much from English Government as from the hierarchy and the laws which enforced conformity to its establishment." He adds that toleration was a virtue beyond the conception of Queen Elizabeth, and beyond her age and that of her successor. Both these statements are doubtless true. But the Pilgrim Fathers brought with them the desire for absolute civil and religious liberty for themselves, and they brought with them an absolute purpose to conform to the will of God as declared in the scriptures and as interpreted by the individual conscience. Especially they brought with them the Golden Rule. The logical consequence of these two principles, taken together, must be inevitably the establishment of a perfect civil and religious liberty.

The Pilgrim had none of the Puritan's harshness, intolerance or religious bigotry. He was like him in the absolute submission of his own will to the will of the Creator, both in personal conduct and the conduct of the State, in deeming this world as of little account but in its relation to another.

The Pilgrim had the Puritan's faith in a personal immortality and in a living God. Like the Puritan, he demanded absolute obedience to the voice of conscience in the soul.

He was like the Puritan in believing in a future life where just men were to enjoy immortality with those whom they had loved here;

He was like the Puritan in that he was comforted and supported by that belief in every sorrow and suffering which he encountered;

He was like the Puritan also in believing in the coming of God's Kingdom in this world, and that the State he had builded was to abide and to grow, a community dwelling together in the practice of virtue, in the worship of God, in the pursuit of truth.

There was no church membership, as in Massachusetts, required in Plymouth for political franchise. They had no thought of Republicanism till the compact. But they learned to think of Republican government, without being startled, from their brethren who had been at Geneva, and chiefly from their own sojourn in Holland.

The Pilgrims had seen in Holland the oldest and best system of common schools in Europe. Indeed their answer to the charges sent from London in 1622 gives ample evidence that from the very beginning they deemed universal education a necessary of life.

They had seen in Holland the constant

reading of the Bible in all households. There had been twenty-four editions of the New Testament and fifteen of the Bible printed in the vernacular before they left Leyden.

They had lived under the shadow of the foremost university in Europe, which had set them an example of a large liberality, to which Oxford was a stranger till nearly 250 years afterward.

They had seen a people living under a written constitution, expounded by an independent judiciary.

They had seen, and Brewster had wielded, the strength of that irresistible engine, a free press.

They had seen the practical working of that equal division of inheritance among all the children, of which Mr. Webster said here, "Republican government must inevitably be the result."

They had learned in Holland the importance and convenience of a public registration of deeds.

They had seen the security to individual freedom of a written ballot.

All these things America owes to the Pilgrim of Plymouth, and the Pilgrim of Plymouth owes them to Holland.

There landed on Plymouth Rock on the 21st day of December, 1621:

a State, free-born and full grown, exercising all local, municipal and national functions through the voice of the whole people, in simple democratic majesty;

ready, as its bounds grew and its individual communities multiplied, for the mechanism of a perfect representative government;

an independent Church, having a direct connection with Christ, as did the Church in the beginning, without human link or mediation;

a people mild both in government and private conduct, tolerant, peaceful, affectionate, lovers of home, of kindred and friends, apt for social delights, fond of sound learning and the refinements of domestic life, without the greed of gain or the lust of conquest;

but possessing a rare public spirit, and the high courage and aptness for command and for success which belong to the English race;

made up of gentlemen and gentlewomen to whom refinement, education, learning, and a noble behavior were necessities of their nature;

accustomed to toil, privation and hardship;

observing the operation of a written ballot,

and of a public registration of deeds, and an equal distribution of inheritance among the children.



This little State had existed for 72 years. It enacted the mildest code of laws on the face of the earth. There were but eight capital offences in Plymouth. There were thirty one in England at the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Sir James Mackintosh held in his hand a list of two hundred and twenty-three when he addressed the House of Commons at the beginning of the present century. They established trial by jury. They treated the Indians with justice and good faith, setting an example which Vattel, the foremost writer on the law of nations, commends to mankind. Their good sense kept them free from the witchcraft delusions. They were not unprepared for a spirited self-defence, as witness Miles Standish's answer to the challenge of the Narragansett, and his stern summary justice at Weymouth. They held no foot of land not fairly obtained by honest purchase. No witch was ever hung there. In their earlier days their tolerance was an example to Roger Williams himself. He has left on record his gratitude for the generous friendship of Winslow. Gov. Bradford's courtesy entertained the Catholic Priest, who was his guest, with a fish dinner on Friday. If, like Roger Williams himself, they failed somewhat, as in the case of the Quakers, in the practical application of a principle for which the world was not ready, their practice and their principles soon came to be in accord. When we remember that our Baptist friends wanted the term "damnable heretics" to include Unitarians and to have them banished, that within a year from the beginning of the Revolution New York shut out Catholic Priests from her limits under the penalty of death, and that in Maryland it was a capital crime to be a Unitarian as late as 1770, you will hardly care to devote much space to this blemish on the Fathers of Plymouth. And when at last, in 1692, Plymouth was blended with Massachusetts, the days of bigotry and intolerance and superstition, as a controlling force in Massachusetts, were over.

The past is not secure unless it be followed by a worthy future. The Pilgrim will fail unless his posterity be fit to keep his fame. Has the experience of two hundred and seventy-five years strengthened or weakened the influence of the Pilgrim's character, or the power in human history of the faith, the principles, and the institutions which he brought with him when he landed upon the rock? Do they vindicate their authority in personal conduct, and the conduct of the States? Are they stronger

or weaker now than then? How far have we kept the faith of the Fathers? Are we to transmit it unimpaired to our children? What have we of rational hope that our children will transmit it in turn unimpaired to their heirs? It is well, I think, that at no infrequent periods this account should be taken.

Are the devout religious faith, obedience to the voice of conscience in the soul as a guide to the individual and the State, civil liberty, civil government, liberty in religion, the quality of the English race, and the free institutions brought by the Fathers from England and Holland and established here, blended and in harmony in the character of a great people, living and strong to-day as they were in the first generation? Do we leave them unimpaired to our children? Are they to abide?

One thing we must not fail to observe. It is quite clear that when we consider the elements I have imperfectly described, which gave the Pilgrim State its distinctive character, that no one of them could be spared, if that distinctive character is to be maintained. Probably as bright examples of each could be found elsewhere. It is the fact that these shining qualities were united and blended in the Pilgrim that gives him his distinction.

The Pilgrim was possessed by an intense religious faith, and for it he was ready to encounter suffering and death. But there are plenty of examples in history of a religious faith as intense, to which its votaries have been ready to make as absolute a surrender of self, which the Pilgrim would have accounted as a gross superstition. Gerald, the assassin of William the Silent, was as sure he was doing the will of God as was his victim. He met his death and the terrible torture which preceded it with a courage as undaunted as that of any hero in history. He fortified himself for his crime by reading the Bible, by fasting and prayer, and then, full of religious exaltation, dreaming of angels and of Paradise, he departed for Delft, and completed his duty as a good Catholic and faithful subject. When his judges questioned him, when they condemned him to have his hand enclosed in a tube, seared with a red hot iron, to have his arms and legs and thighs torn to pieces with burning pincers, his heart to be torn out and thrown into his face, his head to be dis severed from his trunk and placed on a pike, his body to be cut into four pieces, and every piece to be hung on a gibbet over one of the principal gates of the city, he showed no sign of

terror, no sorrow, or surprise. Fixing his dauntless eye on his judges, he repeated with steady voice his customary words, "*Ecce homo!*"

The Moslem, the Indian, the Hindoo meet torture and death with a courage as dauntless as that of the Pilgrim.

The subjection of the individual will to the law of duty, whether in personal conduct or the conduct of states, is as manifest in the Spartan as in the Puritan, and has had many examples since the day when the epitaph of the 300 was inscribed at Thermopylæ:

Stranger! tell it to Lacedæmon,  
That we lie here in obedience to her laws.

The love of freedom appears and has burned brightly in the bosoms of men of all races and of all ages. We have no right to make a claim for the Pilgrim which we cannot allow to the Athenian or the Swiss, or the Swede, or the Scotsman.

The institutions which the Pilgrim brought from Holland, he left in Holland.

The institutions he brought from England, he left in England.

The English aptness for command and habit of success, indomitable courage, unconquerable perseverance belonged to this race before the movement for religious freedom, and exist in the English race to-day wherever it is found.

The English language and literature are possessions shared by the whole English-speaking race. Yet the Dutch or the Swedish or the Scotch characteristics differ widely from those of the men who settled Plymouth. To ask, therefore, whether the Pilgrim character is to abide, is to ask whether the great qualities we have ascribed to the Pilgrim are to remain blended, united, living, though perhaps softened, in the lapse of years.

I suppose we must admit it to be true that with men of thoughtful, instructed, conscientious natures, the authority of the statement of religious faith that satisfied the Pilgrim, has been shaken in recent times chiefly by two causes:

1st. The researches of modern science have occasioned disbelief in the scripture narrative of the creation, and in the miraculous suspension of natural laws which the scripture records, and on which the claim of Christianity was largely rested in their day.

2d. The modern knowledge of the physical frame of man seems to establish the existence of physical causes for what our fathers were wont to consider purely spiritual manifestations, and so to make it seem more likely that the soul depends for its own existence and capacity for

action upon the continued existence of the body.

The religious faith of mankind, declared in different periods, always makes use of the framework, the setting, the imagery, the illustration, which is furnished by the accepted scientific knowledge of the time when it is uttered. Certainly to this the teaching of our Bible, both in the Old Testament and in the New, is no exception. These beliefs, taught from very imperfect scientific information, seem to be inseparably and inextricably blended with the moral and religious truths which they have been used to illustrate, and to render conceivable. At every forward step of science, as she makes some new revelation to her students, she seems to overthrow the religion of which she has been the handmaid. So every great discoverer in science, from Galileo to Darwin, from the discovery of gravitation and the slow geologic processes of the planting of the coal and the formation of the rocks to the discovery of the evolution and kindred of all animate nature, appears to the teacher of the accepted religion of the time as a skeptic if not as an infidel. No astonishment could exceed that of John Robinson if he could hear the scientific illustrations by which the most conservative and orthodox of his Calvinist successors undertake to make plain the counsel of God to a congregation of most obedient and docile disciples to-day. So every period of scientific progress seems to a superficial observer to be a period of religious and spiritual retrogression.

Does the faith that supported the Pilgrims, the faith in a personal immortality, in a conscious and benevolent Creator of the world who watches its affairs with a personal intelligence, and directs them with a loving purpose, as a father guideth his children, abide unimpaired as an influence in the government of States and of personal conduct to-day? This is the theme of all themes, the question of all questions. It cannot be passed by on any solemn public occasion which is devoted to the memory of the Pilgrims. I think, speaking for myself, that when the new law which science has shown to us becomes clear, not only to the genius which has first perceived it, but to the common apprehension of mankind, the eternal verities of a conscious and benevolent Creator, and a personal, human immortality reappear clearer and stronger. Even the skepticism of modern thought will at least agree to this, that the faith in righteousness, the willingness of mankind to obey a law higher than their own desire, grows stronger from age to age.



It was never stronger than to-day. The belief in what has been called the power in this world that makes for righteousness is stronger than ever, even in the minds of men who reject a miraculous or a religious sanction of its commands. The faith in miracles may have abated. The miracle may have been consigned to a place among the lower and grosser arguments which enforce obedience to the divine behest of duty. It is at best but milk for babes. But the faith drawn from the history of the constant law which prevails in the ordinary government of the universe has more than taken its place.

The scientific inquirer makes his inquiry from a love of truth; and the lover of truth will never be other than an obeyer of duty.

Science traces the inperceptible steps by which inorganic matter reaches life, sensation, consciousness, will, conscience. She tells us, if we understand her, that in uncounted, perhaps unimaginable ages the atoms of dead dust have stirred and quickened into vegetable life. The vegetable has become conscious of an animal nature. The animal acquires human intelligence. But the voice of duty was full and clear in the morning of creation. The voice which Adam disobeyed, to which Abel and Abram listened, to which the Prophets and Pilgrims gave their lives was heard in fullest strength when the human intelligence first became conscious of itself. Ever it overcomes and masters all the forces which science discovers or comprehends.

Groping science lays bare the cells and brings under its microscope the minute powder in whose gray globules are held in store all thoughts and memories. But the will, lord of thought, summoning memory from its cell with sovereign power, still dwells in its cloud, mysterious, unapproachable, inaccessible.

Science from age to age tells us more and more of the physical instrument by which the mind—the will—enforces its commands. It lays bare the mechanism, the secret spring by which the physical frame is set in motion. But it has added nothing to our knowledge of the mind itself, of the spiritual being which is conscious of itself, which in its sublime freedom chooses for itself the law which will obey, and even when it pays its homage to its Creator, or to His mandate of duty, pays only a free and voluntary homage.

If any man doubt that the faith in justice and righteousness, and their power as a practical force in the government of the world is increasing from age to age, whatever may be the sanction, let him read the lives of the men who for the past

generation have been chosen by Great Britain for the government of her 250 million subjects in the East. An almost unlimited power, gained without scruple used for generations as a provision for the children of her upper classes, has become steadily and surely an example of moderation, humanity and justice. There can be found few finer examples of the character of the great race from which we are so proud to be descended, than Lord Lawrence, or Lord Mayo, or Sir James Stephen.

"The Sahibs do not understand or like us," said the Indian scholar to Mr. Monier Williams. "But they try to be just and do not fear the face of man."

The belief in miracles may have diminished in strength. But religious faith is only a sanction of the moral law. The belief in a prevalence of that law as a controlling force in the world has not abated. It abides. The sanction of God's law by miracles has given place to a sanction by His constant and eternal providence.

There is doubtless to-day great impatience of ecclesiastical authority, of creeds—the devices by which men seek to narrow and limit the infinite truth of God, or to thrust their weak and fallible power between the soul and its Creator. But the faith that there came to this world, nineteen hundred years ago, a majestic Being, divinely commissioned, announcing a perfect rule, and Himself a perfect example, for human conduct, was never so powerful as at this moment.

Is the principle of self-government in civil liberty as strong to-day with us as with the Fathers at Plymouth? John Cotton wrote to Lord Say in 1636:

"Democracy I do not conceive that ever God did ordain as a fit government, either in Church or commonwealth. If the people be Governors, who shall be governed?"

John Cotton's question is the great question of all history and of all destiny. The American answer to it is that if the people be the governors, the people shall be the governed. The human will voluntarily and in freedom subjecting itself to a law higher than its own desire, is the sublimest thing in the universe, except its Creator. We have 45 sovereign States united in an imperial Republic, each one of which has written in its constitution that those things which are forbidden by the moral law and the law of justice shall not be enacted in the government of the State by any human authority or accomplished by any human desire. They have created a mechanism perfect as the lot of humanity will admit for securing this re-

straint. Every generation has had and will have its own temptations, and has committed and will commit its own offences. But you will all agree with me that, not only the love of liberty but the strength of those constitutional restraints on the present desires of an impatient people grows stronger from generation to generation and from age to age. I think our generation understands better than it was ever understood before that there is something far more than the love of freedom, something far higher than freedom itself, essential to a great State or to a great soul. Freedom is but the removal of obstacles. Freedom may be for the savage as for the Christian, for the hyena as for the dove. When the fetter has been stricken from the limbs, when the caged or chained eagle soars into the sky, the time has come for labor, for discipline, for obedience. The freest people must submit to the severest and most strenuous sense of obligation, if it would lift itself to its own ideals. It must listen to a voice of higher authority than its own. The voice of the people is not the voice of God. That sentiment is alike false and impious.

The principles of the American constitutions pervade the entire continent. As the child who goes out, poor and obscure from his birthplace to seek his fortune, comes back again successful and honored and strong to enrich the parental dwelling, so the principles of civil liberty in constitutional restraints which have possessed the American continent from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn, have crossed the Atlantic again to possess the countries of their origin. England is almost a Republic in everything but name. France, after two failures, has become a permanent member of the family of free states, while in Southern and Oriental seas where the adventurous ships of our fathers, long after the American Constitution was framed, found nothing but barbarism and savagery, the great Australasian commonwealths are rising in splendor and in glory to take, at no distant day, a place perhaps foremost in the family of self-governing nations. There is to-day no monarchy on American soil, unless we except the loose hanging power still retained by her Majesty Queen Victoria over the British possessions on the north.

If there be one thing more than another which is the settled purpose of intelligent and educated men and women who are, are to be, and ought to be the governing forces in all Christian nations, it is that the relation of man to his Creator shall be a question for the individual soul, and

shall not be used as an instrument by any human power or authority. Our Fathers dreaded the power of the Catholic Church. But I think we are quite apt to forget that the "fury of the Bishops" from which John Milton says they fled, was the fury of Protestant Bishops. Religious intolerance was the error and crime of past ages, universal but with few exceptions, and belonged to all churches alike. The witchcraft delusion prevailed in Protestant England and in Puritan Massachusetts, as well as among the Catholic nations of the continent. It was a Protestant monarch by whose orders the body of Oliver Cromwell was disinterred from its resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and the head—nobler and more august than any in the long line of English sovereigns since the day of Alfred—was exposed to public indignity on Temple Bar. Today Catholic France is as tolerant as Protestant Massachusetts. Catholic Italy has thrown off the temporal power of the Papacy. There has been no nobler tribute in recent years to the memory of the Pilgrim, and to civil and religious freedom than that uttered in Plymouth ten years ago by a Catholic poet. I know of no more eloquent and stirring statement anywhere of a lofty American patriotism than that by Father Conaty, an Irish Catholic priest in my own city of Worcester, when the portrait of our Irish hero, Sergeant Plunkett, was hung on the walls of Mechanics' Hall.

In Massachusetts alone at least 56 per cent of her people are of foreign parentage. Probably 30 per cent of her people are of the Catholic faith. They came here, most of them, driven by an extreme poverty from homes where for centuries they had been the victims of an almost intolerable oppression. They have grave faults, which it is not part of a true friendship or a true respect to attempt to hide or to gloss over. But I hold it one of the most remarkable and one of the most encouraging facts in our history that this great stream which has poured into our State within the memory of living men who are not yet old has changed so little the character of Massachusetts and has had, on the whole, so favorable an influence upon her history and causes so little reasonable apprehension for the future. Massachusetts has educated the foreigner. She is making an American of him. She is surely, and not very slowly, when we consider the great periods that constitute the life of a State, impressing upon him what is best of the Pilgrim and the Puritan quality and the Pilgrim and the Puritan conception of a State. I look with an unquestioning hope



upon the future of Massachusetts. Nothing can stay her in her great career, unless evil and low ambition shall stir up strife where there should be peace, hatred where there should be sympathy, and the conflict of religious sect and creed where there should be nothing but common Christian faith and common Christian love.

There is a story of an Irish traveler who touched his hat to the statue of Jupiter in Rome. He said in explanation that he was afraid the old fellow might come into power again. The old Giants Pope and Pagan had become harmless in their caverns so long ago as the time when Bunyan's Pilgrim passed by on his way to the holy city. They are no more dangerous now. Timorous and Mistrust, Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeble-mind may turn pale and their knees may tremble with dread of these ancient spectres. They may hide themselves in caverns of their own to take counsel for mutual protection. They cannot frighten the American people. Still less will the sons of the Pilgrims be disturbed. We do not meet tyranny or bigotry or despotism or priestcraft with weapons like theirs. We have learned other lessons from the Pilgrim Fathers. Leave liberty to encounter despotism. Leave freedom to deal with slavery. Leave tolerance to meet intolerance. Set the eagle to deal with the bat. Let in upon the marsh and upon the swamp the pure air and the fresh breeze. Open the windows into the cold dungeon and dark cellar and let in the sun's light and the sun's warmth.

The Pilgrims were Englishmen. Their children are, in the essentials of national character, Englishmen still. We have a great admixture of other races. But it is an admixture chiefly from those Northern races of which England herself was composed. In spite of past conflicts and present rivalry England is the nation closest to us in affection and sympathy. The English language is ours. English literature is perhaps more familiar to the bulk of our people than to Englishmen themselves. The English Bible is still our standard of speech, our inspiration, our rule of faith and practice. We look to English authority in the administration of our system of law and equity. English aptness for command, habit of success, indomitable courage, unconquerable perseverance have been, are, and are to remain the American quality. The men of other blood who come here acquire and are penetrated with the English, or perhaps without boasting or vanity we may say, the American spirit. The great bulk of our people are of English blood.

But by the spirit, which has its own pedigree, its own ancestry, its own law of descent and of inheritance, we are English even more than by any tie of physical kinship. It is of this pedigree of the spirit, governed by forces of which science has as yet given us no account that we are taking account to-day. It is by virtue of its laws that John Winthrop counts George Washington among his posterity. James Otis transmits his quality to Charles Sumner. Emerson may well be reckoned the spiritual child of Bradford; Channing the spiritual child of John Robinson; and Miles Standish the progenitor of Grant. The great-hearted Hebrew prophet has many a descendant among the great-hearted Puritans. In this genealogy the men of Thermopylæ are no aliens to the men of Bunker Hill. When the boy who went out from a New England dwelling to meet death at Gettysburg or Antietam with no motive but the love of country and the sense of duty, shall meet, where he is gone, the men who fought the liveliest day with Wellington or obeyed Nelson's immortal signal, he shall

"Claim kindred there, and have the claim allowed."

What I said just now was written more than ten days ago. Let it stand. Let it stand. It is well that these two great nations should know something of each other that they don't get from their metropolitan press whether in London or in New York. Each of them should know that if it enter into a quarrel with the other it is to be a contest with that people on the face of the earth which is most like to itself. The quarrel will be maintained on both sides until Anglo-Saxon, until English, until American endurance is exhausted. For that reason, if for no other, such a conflict should never begin.

This whole thing is very simple. We cannot permit any weak power on this continent to be despoiled of its territory, or to be crowded out of its rights, by any strong power anywhere. England would not permit us to do that to Belgium or to Denmark. On the other hand, we have no title to interfere with the established boundaries of English territory, whether we like them or do not like them. All between those two limits is subject for discussion and for arbitration; subject for that international arbitration which a delegation of English members of Parliament came to Boston a few years ago to impress upon us, saying that in their desire for its establishment they represented the opinions of a large majority of the English House of Commons.

The settlement of pending differences

upon these principles will be compelled by the business men and the religious sentiment of these two nations, influences always irresistible when they are united and when they are brought to bear upon large matters of national and international import.

But you have not gathered here for philosophical, or political, or historical disquisition. This day is for the expression of filial love. The thoughts which are never strangers to the bosoms of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims are to be stimulated and intensified under the operation of that mysterious law by which in a large assembly, or when a whole people unite in a common observance, the emotion in each individual heart is increased and multiplied by the emotion of every other. This is a larger Thanksgiving Day. To-day the children of the Pilgrims, wherever on the continent or on the face of the earth they dwell, are thinking of their Fathers. They are thinking of the holy men, of the sweet and comely matrons, of the brave youths and beautiful maidens to whom this coast and these forest glades were familiar in the infancy of Plymouth. Their hearts are full of the lofty tragedy and lofty triumph. We think of the death of Carver, of Dorothy Bradford, of the sweet Rose Standish, as if they had happened in our own households; as if our Mothers had told us the story of some other children who had died under our Father's roof before we could remember. It is as real as if it had happened yesterday. It shall be as real as if it happened yesterday until time shall be no more. What presence looks over the Bay to day more living than the warrior figure of Miles Standish? What household memory is dearer to us than that of John Carver, of whom it has been so well said: "The column of smoke from the volley fired at his grave was his only monument."

There is no tragedy in all fiction, not the death of Hector, not the sorrow of *Cædipus*, not the guilt of *Macbeth*, not the wounded heart of *Lear*, like this true and simple story. The Atlantic between these men and women and their homes in beautiful England, the horrors of the stormy passage, the landing in December, the terrible suffering of the first winter, but six or seven men able to tend the sick or bury the dead, when the spring came seven times as many graves as dwellings, strong men staggering at their work at noonday by reason of fainting for want of food, the challenge of the savage, the howling of the wild beast, and yet there is nothing in it of sorrow, nothing in it except lofty triumph. The Pilgrims had

no regrets. There is no gloom in their annals. The tragedies of history, after all, are its richest blessings and most precious memories. We mourn for those whom the fate of war has bereaved of their kindred, or whose life has been made a burden by the loss of health or limb. Yet would the mother have her son back again at the price of having the brave deed undone? Would the widow clasp her husband's form again, if she could buy him back at the price of striking his name from the list of heroes? Does the crippled and wounded veteran wish he had stayed at home, if in that way he could get back his health or his limb?

Bradford's history is a brave and cheerful story. Think, too, of this story of the founding of a great nation with no fable in it. The Pilgrims were followed by a generation incapable of boasting, and quite otherwise occupied. One hundred and fifty years passed before anybody celebrated anything they had done. There is the loving tribute of friendship. But the praise was for God.

There is surely, as I said in the beginning, no statelier or loftier presence in human history than the Pilgrims of Plymouth. What belongs to a high behavior, to a simple, severe but delicate taste in dress, in architecture, in house-furnishing, in the decoration and adornment of daily life, they discerned with unerring taste. The satire of *Hudibras*, the caricature of Hogarth, the scorn of the courtier, the pride of the ruffling gallant, have exhausted themselves to ridicule the figure of the Fathers of New England, and their contemporaries who sat in council with Cromwell or marched to victory under his banner. But these scoffers have had their day. The dress of the cavalier has now been remitted to the butler or the footman. The fashionable love-locks ornament the head of the fiddler or the buffoon. But the dress of the Puritan is now the dress of all gentlemen in Europe. The architects of our dwellings are studying the secret of his simple and noble architecture. The serious dignity of demeanor which marked the intercourse of Bradford and Brewster is a pattern for the imitation of any Ambassador, though he represent seventy million freemen at whatever court, or before whatever Sovereign he may stand. Can you find anywhere a finer type of a noble and accomplished gentleman than William Bradford? You may search Europe for his peer. Into what stately eloquence he rises when he speaks of the higher things of the spirit, and the grave concerns of the Commonwealth. What an accomplished



scholar he was. Look at his handwriting, a matter by which you can oftentimes discern the gentleman as you can in the step, or tone of the voice, or carriage of the person, or glance of the eye. When Bradford, and Brewster, and Carver, and Robinson, and Miles Standish, and Richard Warren, and Edward Winslow, and Samuel Fuller were taking counsel together in Leyden, they could have set a pattern of stately dignity to any society on earth. Brewster had a library of two hundred and seventy-five volumes. His principal estate consisted of sixty-four volumes in the learned languages. What noble and lofty and exquisite sentences are found in the writings of Robinson. The passage in one of his letters to the little exiled flock from whom he was separated,—“In a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die,” is in the highest strain of Paul. “God forbid that I should need to exhort you to peace, which is the bond of perfection, and by which all good is tied together, and without which it is scattered. Have peace unto God first, by faith in His promise, good conscience kept in all things, and oft renewed by repentance; and so one with another for His sake who is, though three, one; and for Christ’s sake, who is one, and as you are called by one spirit to one hope.” Is not this the very spirit of John the Beloved Disciple? Is not this the very spirit of Grace, Mercy and Peace? I do not find the battle and the march and the gaudium certaminis anywhere in our Pilgrim. His longing was ever for peace.

Leyden street in Plymouth, with its cluster of seven humble dwellings, witnessed a high behavior to which there could not be found a parallel in any court in Europe. There was no employment so homely or menial that it could debase the simple dignity of these men, a dignity born of daily spiritual communion with heavenly contemplations, of constant meditating on the things which concern eternal life, and the things which concern the foundation of empire. It was like an encampment of a company of crusaders on their journey to the Holy City, where every companion was a prince or a noble. DeRassiere describes the little procession as it marched to worship God on Sunday morning summoned by the beat of the drum. Was there ever a statelier ceremonial at an emperor’s coronation? There can be no better touchstone of the genuineness and sincerity of a lofty religious faith than its creation of a lofty behavior, such as comports with daily meditation and conversation on celestial and eternal interests.

This is the one story to which for us, or for our children, nothing in human annals may be cited for parallel or comparison, save the story of Bethlehem. There is none other told in Heaven or among men like the story of the Pilgrim. Upon this rock is founded our house. Let the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon that house, it shall not fall. The saying of our Prophet—our Daniel—is fulfilled. The sons of the Pilgrim have crossed the Mississippi and possess the shores of the Pacific. The tree our Fathers set covered at first a little space by the seaside. It has planted its banyan branches in the ground. It has spread along the lakes. It has girdled the Gulf. It has spanned the Mississippi. It has covered the prairie and the plain. The sweep of its lofty arches rises over the Rocky Mountains, and the Cascades, and the Nevadas. Its hardy growth shelters the frozen region of the far Northwest. Its boughs hang over the Pacific. And in good time—in good time—it will send its roots beneath the waves and receive under its vast canopy the islands of the sea.

“Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters

About the mother tree, a pillared shade  
High overarched, and echoing walks between.”

Wherever the son of the Pilgrim goes, he will carry with him what the Pilgrim brought from Leyden—the love of liberty, reverence for law, trust in God—a living God—belief in a personal immortality, the voice of conscience in the soul, a heart open to the new truth which ever breaketh from the bosom of the Word. His inherited instinct for the building of States will be as sure as that of the bee for building her cell or the eagle his nest.

The gentle spirit of Bradford, the stern courage of Standish, the lofty faith of Brewster, mellowed and broadened as the centuries come and go, shall be his. It may be that the Power that was with his Fathers will not doom him to the severe discipline and the stern trial that was theirs. We may hope for him the blessings of existence to which Webster summoned him—of “life in pleasant lands, in verdant fields, and under healthful skies. He may hope for the enjoyment of the great inheritance we transmit to him, the blessings of good government and religious liberty, the treasures of science, the delights of learning, the transcendent sweets of domestic life,” shared with kindred and parents and children. But he must enjoy and hold these things as

ready to part with them at the summons of Him who bestowed them. They are never to be bought or to be held at the sacrifice of freedom, of truth, or of duty.

Whatever temptation come to him, let the memory of the men who landed here rise in his soul, to be his shield and safety.

Whenever in coming centuries men govern themselves in freedom, let him still be found foremost, taking the honest and the brave part.

If cowardice dissuade him from the peril and sacrifice, without which nothing can be gained in the great crises of National life, let him answer: I am of the blood of them who crossed the ocean in the Mayflower and encountered the wilderness and the savage in the winter of 1620.

If luxury and ease come with their seductive whisper, he will reply: I am descended from the little company of whom more than half died before spring, and of whom none went back to England.

Bigotry and superstition will in vain utter their hoarse and discordant counsel to him who is of God's free people.

Let him never forget his ancestry.

In his halls is hung

Armory of the invincible Knights of old.

In everything he is sprung

Of earth's first blood, hath titles manifold.

If the hearts of other men fail them,

he will still turn for inspiration to the rock where Alden landed, to the walls where Brewster preached, to the hill where Bradford lies buried.

Let this day forevermore be devoted to filial affection. Let it be given to the utterance of children's love. The beautiful shadows of the Pilgrim Father and the Pilgrim Mother hover over us now. In that spiritual presence it cannot be that our hearts shall be cold or that our thoughts should be unworthy of our high lineage. Let every return of the Pilgrim anniversary witness a new consecration of his children to the Pilgrim's cause in the Pilgrim's spirit. If it shall be our fortune to enjoy the blessings of civilization, of order, of refinement, of happy homes, of wealth, of letters, of art, of the transcendent sweets of domestic life, of safety, of good fame, of honor, let us enjoy them, faithful to the God who has given them and to the ancestors whom he vouchsafed to make His instruments to win them. Not unto us; not unto us, but unto Him and to them be the praise. But if we are called on in His Providence to give up all these, let us remember that it is not for these things that human life on this earth is given. Let us still remember the Pilgrim's life, and the Pilgrim's lesson. Above all, Liberty! Above all, Faith! Above all, Duty!